WINOWATHA

AN INDIAN REVERIE.

5

WORDS BY
Sarah Ross.

MUSIC BY
W.M. BARNES.

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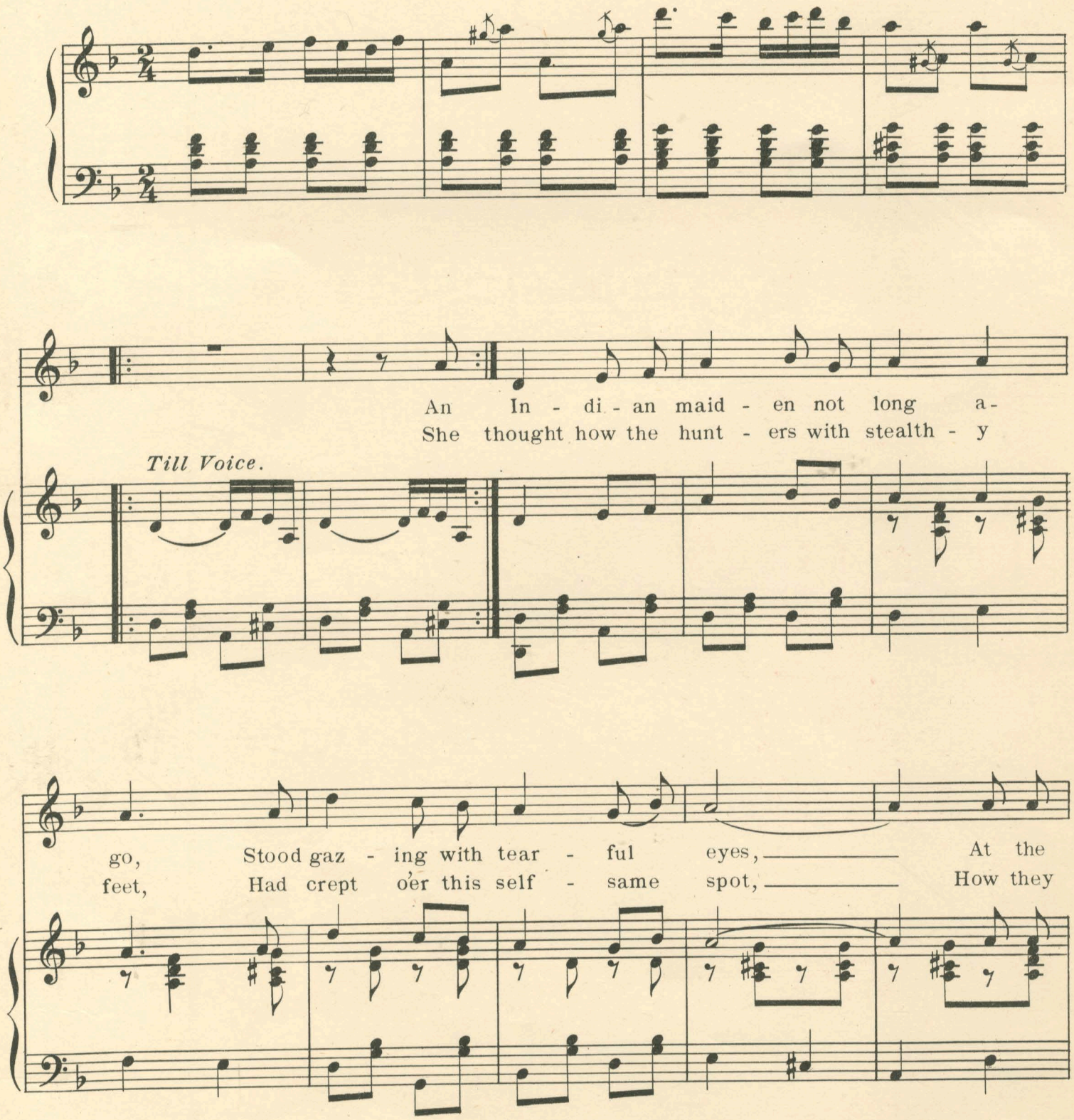
Dedicated to all those,
who attend the St. Louis Exposition.

WINOWATHA.

Words by SARAH ROSS. Music by W. M. BARNES.



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great Mis - sis - sip - pi's ma - jes - tic flow, Past a ci - ty of
start - led the fawn in - to wild re - treat, As the mink and the

mar - vel - ous size; And sky - scrap - ing struc - tures and
beav - er they sought; How the elk and the bear wan - dered

glit - ter - ing domes, Seemed to melt in a dream - y
here at their will, How the buf - fa - lo fur - nished them

haze, In their place then ap - peared the wig - wam
food, And she dreamed of the maids with eyes so

Ped. *

homes, As they stood in her fore - fath-ers days.
clear, By the young braves so ard - ent - ly wooed.

Refrain.

But she cried:- "St. Lou - is I love thee still, Though
Still she sang:- "St. Lou - is I love thee still, The

wand - er - ers made by the white man's will, Our tribes driv-en
child of the for - est bears no ill will as the war - cry of

back - ward from hill to hill, Rude - ly thrust from our her - i - tage
com - merce the pul - ses thrill, And she mar - vels at vast chang - es

dear; Tho' the bow and ar - row have lost their
wrought; Now a frag - rance seems to per - vade the

might, No more the war - dance the eyes af - fright, And the
air, From the pipe of peace, as the spir - its fair From the

smoke of the camp - fire is gone from our sight St.
blest hap - py hunt - ing grounds this mes - sage bear, St.

Lou - is I love thee still.
Lou - is we love thee still.

Carrie May Crear 14 yrs.